

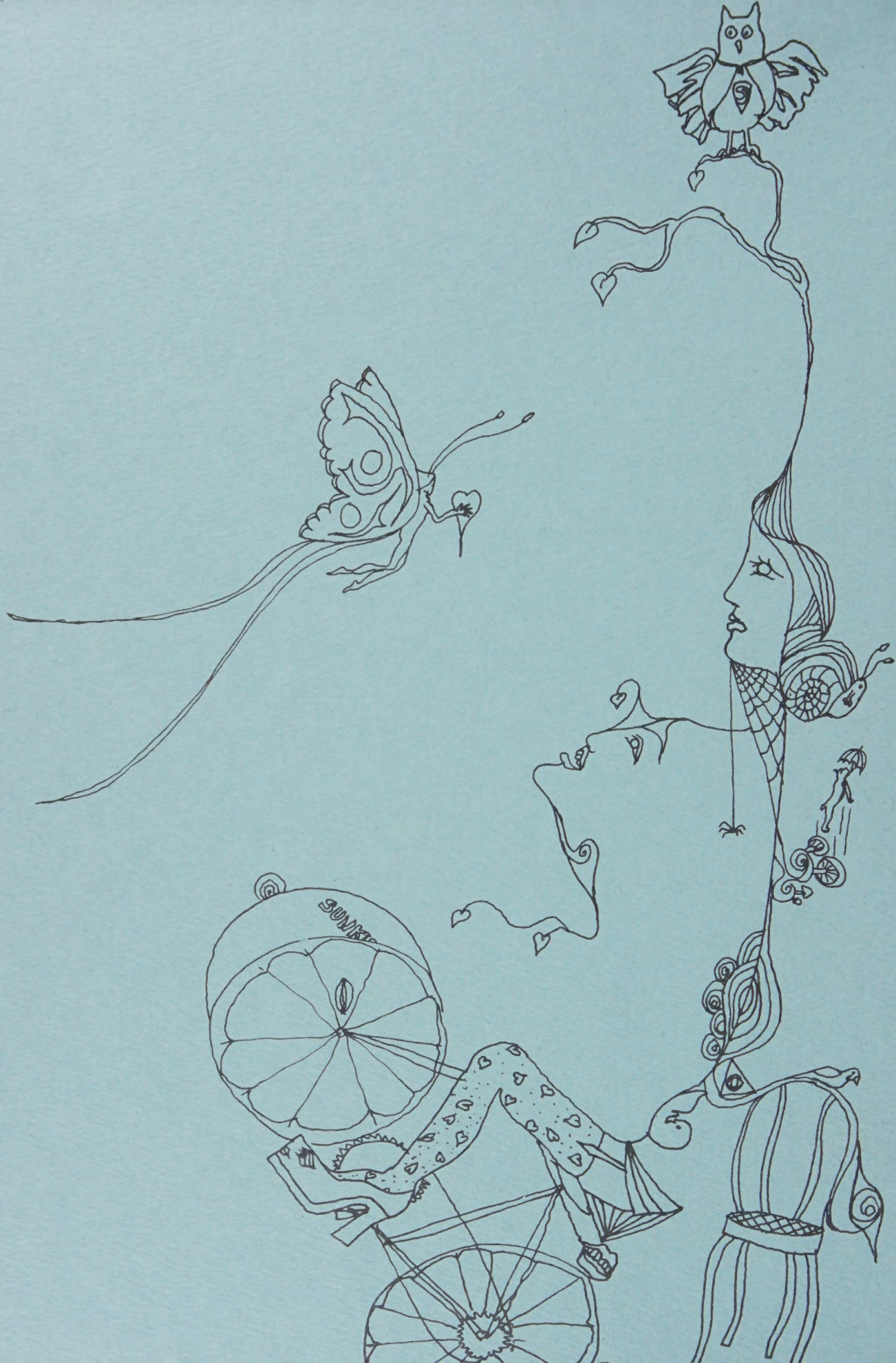
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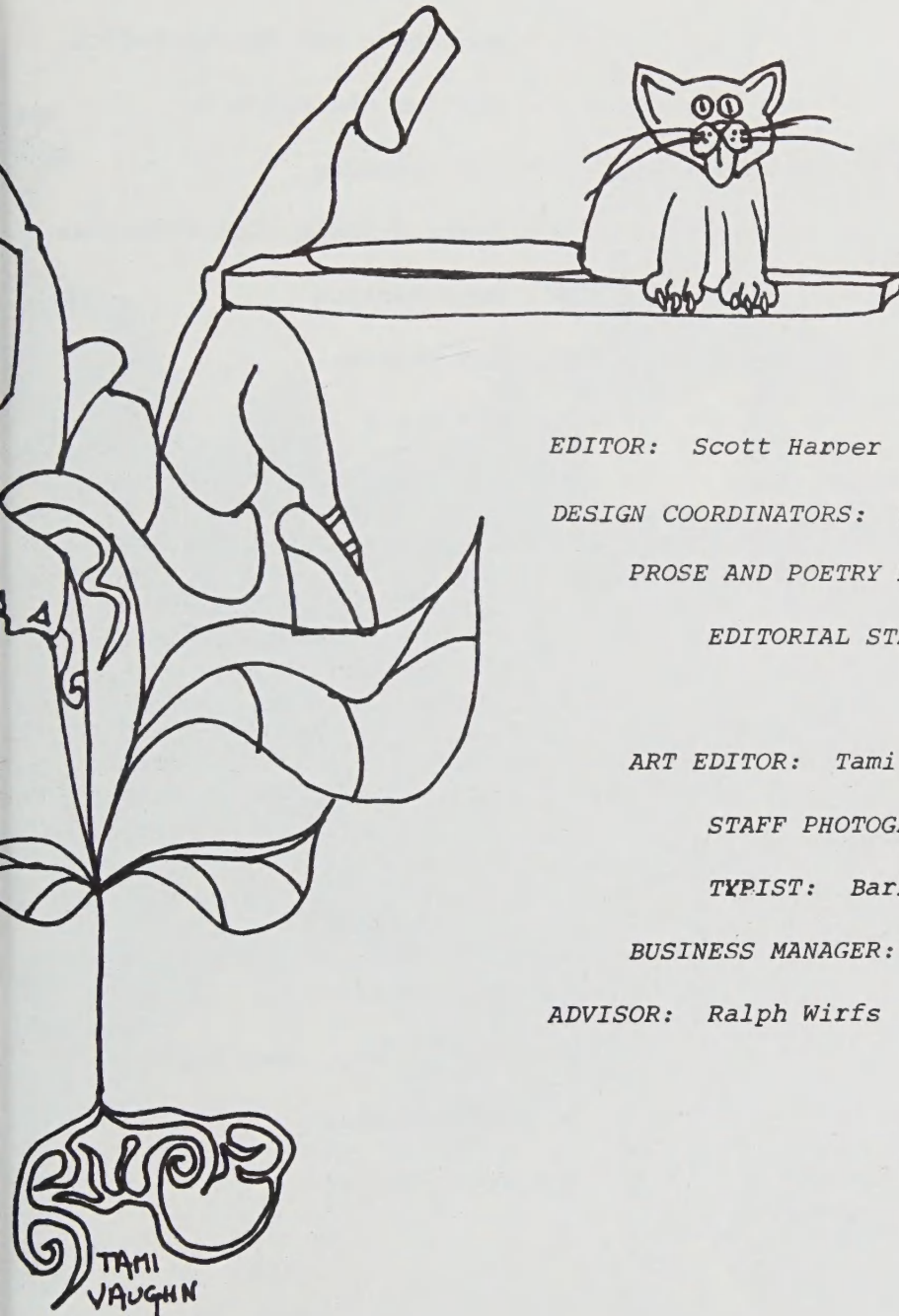


RAIN

ASTORIA, OREGON



RAIN MAGAZINE



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When you are looking
for a rainbow,
you may have better luck
walking in the rain.
Misty mornings before us
sleepless nights and fairy tales.

William Mendleson





A WEEKEND IN YESTERDAY

John Napper

The sun rose bright red through the early morning haze. We parked two miles east of Megler, Washington at low tide. From here, Frankfort still lay three miles up river.

Soon the haze burned away and Diana and I walked along the rocky beach in warm morning sunshine. Walking became easier as the rocks gave way to grass, well below the piles of driftwood at the high water mark. Seagulls, ducks, crows, and squirrels, called to us. Not twenty feet away, a young deer jumped from its bed and trotted down the beach, then sprang lightly over the driftwood and into the brush.

As we rounded Grey's Point, ahead of us, I saw a family fishing for sturgeon. They showed us where the trail led off the beach to the town.

We circled through the woods, down a gully and up the other bank. We found ourselves atop a small ridge, looking down on an abandoned home, large and white, the one called "the mayors house." Once the home of Axel Nelson built in 1911, at a lumber cost of \$471.85, this

large two story home remains as the biggest building left in Frankfort. Broken windows clutter the floor with glass, along with the dirt and fallen wallpaper. The house stands fairly solid, in spite of the fact that someone removed a good portion of the concrete foundation. In front, an untended holly bush rises to a height of fifty feet.

The name Frankfort comes, not from Frankfurt, Germany, but from the first names of Frank Bourn and Frank Scott, who bought the land in 1890. With three other men, they formed the Frankfort Land Improvement and Investment Company. The company advertised in the Oregonian, "Almost inexhaustable agricultural, timber and mineral resources are the chief characteristics in the country tributary to Frankfort which in a comparatively short time will be the terminus to a truly great trans-continental railroad."

People moved in. A town rose with a dock for unloading boats, a store, a saloon, the Gannon Hotel, a post office, the Frankfort Chronicle, and a steamboat named "The City of Frankfort." The town boomed from 1890 to 1893. A school opened in 1899. Rumors of the railroad and a great Pacific port at Frankfort flourished until 1907. According to gillnetter Bill Kato, at one time, almost a hundred boats worked there, using one cylinder Union and two cylinder Hicks engines, or sail rigs.

The railroad never came to Frankfort. As dreams faded, so did the town. After World War I, Frankfort held no school, no road, no electric lights, and no post office.

Today, a winding trail runs from house to house, with planks laid across a swamp here and a creek there. We followed its course around the harbor, now clogged with driftwood and debris. Only eight homes and a few scattered outbuildings still stand, deserted. Blackberries rule triumphant over abandoned orchards, flower beds and towering holly bushes. We marvelled at all the work now gone to waste, the garden spots, the landscaping and the picket fences.

Overlooking the harbor stood a bench built of a plank nailed to the roots of a tree. Here, we pictured ladies stopping to rest and chat, and to watch men unloading their fish. A man high on a ladder nailed the last carved shingle, finishing a pattern under the eave of his house. Today, trees have practically buried the house in foliage.

We had lingered too long and arrived back at the beach as the tide came in. We picked our way over and under driftwood for more than a mile until we found an obscure logging road leading up away from the beach. It was overgrown with small trees. We sank in mud at some places, and at others the road disappeared completely. We finally came out on the highway, hundreds of feet above the river, and about half a mile from the car.



LESLIE KURTZ

The next morning, we returned to Washington. Through Naselle several miles, we turned left along Deep River's west bank, toward the town of Deep River. Log rafts still float in the river, a continuation from the old days. Through an interview with Del Bjork of Clatsop College, I learned some of the history of the area. The town lies at the end of Deep River slough, the only deep water navigable stream flowing into the Columbia on the Washington side. Men floated logs down it to the Knappton Mill on the Columbia. Deep River logging and the Knappton Mill both benefited from the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, as their lumber helped to rebuild the city. Olson's and Brick's logging camps, at one time, loaned enough money to people in Sweden for them to come over here. Then the newcomers logged to earn enough to pay off their debt and stay. At the turn of the century, railroads owned by the logging companies, ran for miles through the hills. The logs arrived at the river by rail.



LESLIE KURTZ

The town acted as a base for the camps high in the hills. Only five to seven families lived in the town which claimed one general store. From 50 to 60 families lived in the logging camps while another 50 to 60 families lived on the railroads. When they came out of the brush, they arrived at Deep River. Boats sailed from Astoria to Knappton, and then to Deep River, stopping at any place along the way. The local residents logged, poached, and cooked moonshine in Prohibition days. Today, many own small pieces of ground they call "snake farms," due to the high number of nonpoisonous snakes in the area.

Deep River remained a lively settlement through World War II. With the end of the war, roads and trucks replaced the rail systems in many parts of the country, including Deep River. Just north of town, we saw the rotting remains of a railroad trestle running parallel to the newer logging road. In town again, we crossed the little bridge just past the general store and drove back along the east bank of the river. The road ended at the modern highway that ended an era in Deep River.

We drove east out of Pacific County and into Wahkiakum County. At Rosburg store, we turned right on Washington highway 403, through farmland, toward the Columbia. At the end of 403 lies Altoona; two abandoned canneries and about fifteen homes, half of them occupied. Piles of long-gone piers dot the river. No commercial business remains where once a busy town prospered. Thanks to Carlton Appelo, local historian of Deep River, we know much about Altoona's past. His published booklets on Altoona, Frankfort, and Pillar Rock are all available in the Astoria Public Library.

Seventy-five years ago, all commercial trade used the Columbia. People living along the river traveled, heard news, and received supplies by boat. Everything moved through water. A salmon could easily find itself in a fisherman's net. Then men landed, butchered, canned, and cased it. Finally it returned again to the river for shipping.

Altoona first bore the name of Hume's Station, for cannery operator William Hume. Hans Petersen, originally from Altona, Germany, established a post office at Hume's Station in 1901, renaming it Altoona.

In 1903, a boarding house, a warehouse, and a storebuilding sprang up, followed by a cannery and saloon in 1904. Later, they built a dance hall conveniently close to the saloon. By 1911, there stood a hotel, three canneries, a cold storage, and a school in addition to the homes of the residents. A fleet of 125 boats fished for the canneries. Chinese cannery workers lodged themselves in a large house built out over the river. Nearby, they raised pork to supplement their diet of fish. Altona continued to prosper to almost the middle of the century, although it steadily declined over the years. With the last salmon canned in 1947, the town gradually faded into the quiet half-empty community of today.

The state highway ends at Altona, but the road continues. It narrows and winds for two miles to Dalhia, then turns to gravel. Two more miles brought us to Pillar Rock.

The town of Pillar Rock owns a long and colorful history. It takes its name from the rock a little way

off shore jutting out of the Columbia. An Indian legend explains the presence of the rock. Maidens on the Oregon side of the river used to sit around the fire at night and sing. On the Washington side, a brave heard them and decided to cross the river and take the fairest one for his bride. The Fox God advised him not to go, but not heeding the wise Fox, he attempted the crossing. In doing so, he displeased the Fox God who turned him to stone in mid-stream.

As early as the 1830's, Pillar Rock served as a fish receiving station and saltery for Hudson's Bay Company. In 1840, it witnessed a double murder, that of the station operator and his young Indian helper. Hudson's Bay men formed a search and found the evildoers. They shot one while trying to escape and the other was later hanged in Astoria. In the middle 1800's, Hudson's Bay Company deserted Pillar Rock and moved north.

In 1877, John Harrington built a cannery there. At this time, 29 canneries operated on the river and 40 saloons served thirsty men in Astoria. The cannery boomed for years, and finally ceased to operate at the end of World War II, and became a receiving station once more.

I walked the one lane dirt street that cut through the middle of town. Half a dozen old homes surrounded me. People still lived in some, but others, left abandoned, stood waiting to fall. Over the river, the cannery still stands, but the Chinese workers have moved on. The stone brave also stands, but the maidens, too, have vanished.





SUICIDAL II

A crashing wave,
Cresting,
Crescendo --
Hitting the wall.
You fall back,
You drown yourself...

For you adore the sensation of gasping.

But your eyes --
Soft brown,
Belie my belief in your anger,
Belie my sense of foreboding,
Make me think of lapping waters...

As I watch your hands slightly shaking.

When at home,
Sleep ever facing Northward.
Sing-song white rings,
Glowing,
All about your body.
You will be all right
If you only dream of flying...

And trust the fleeting faces.

Vicki Coons

LESLIE KURTZ



OREGON SPRING

*Eyes flattened into transparent mentholated discs
Squint through clammy windows at a half-ass drizzle
Starting and ending nowhere
Like the heaven they preached when I was young.*

*I turn to the tube,
Scan the commercials in vain
For an aerosol jumbo sized miracle product
To remove stains and restore lustre to the sky.*

*Robin sounds late in the day.
In my belly, spring stirs, stretches and rudely bumps my ribs...
Bumps, nudges, suckles.
Breasts quicken and grey disappears into night.*

Nancy Morley

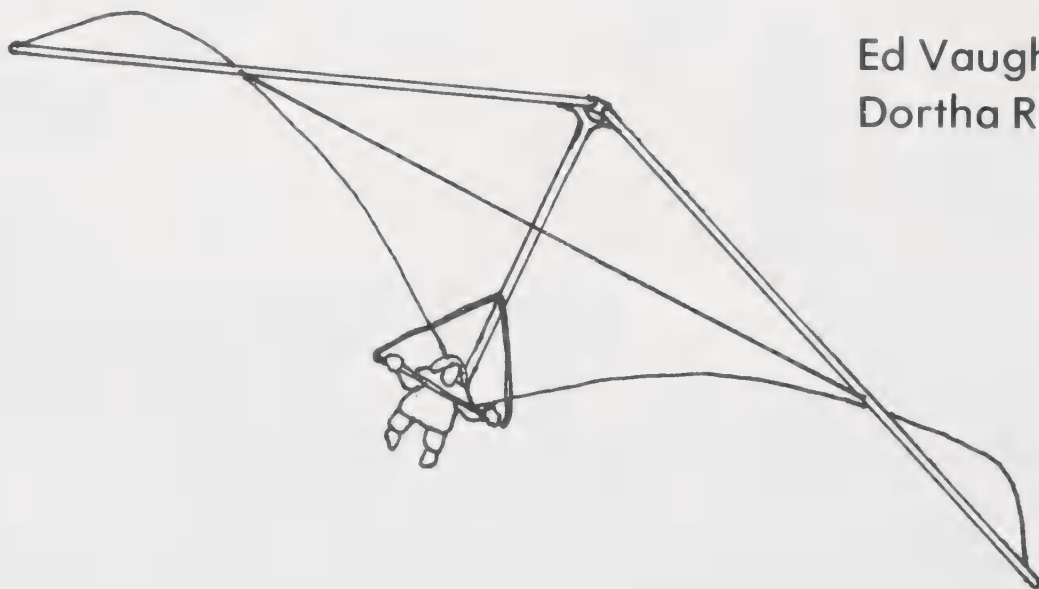
CHUCK NE



HANG GLIDING



They fly through the air with the greatest of ease...soaring aloft on a vagrant breeze! Hang gliders, sky surfers, call them what you will; they're a new breed of sports cats--some 400 of them in Oregon---who strap themselves to a 40-pound kite of aluminum tubing and dacron sailcloth and blithly step off a high cliff into "the wild blue yonder." All of which is not as dangerous as it sounds---that is, if you have carefully and patiently absorbed the all-important ABC's of hang gliding.



Ed Vaughn
Dortha Radich



Of course, the idea of self-propelled flight is not all that new. Leonardo da Vinci tinkered with it; and before getting into powered flight, the Wright Brothers experimented with it at Kitty Hawk. But it was a modern space scientist who gave hang-gliding the impetus it enjoys today. Francis Rogallo, an engineer for NASA, developed a so-called delta--or swept wing--to be used as a braking device for space capsules after re-entry into earth's atmosphere. But after numerous tests, NASA rejected the wing as impractical for the specific purpose for which it was designed.

However, hang gliding enthusiasts saw great possibilities for use of the Rogallo wing in self-propelled kites or gliders, and today the most widely accepted hang gliding model is an adaptation of Rogallo's original delta wing; although just as with earth-bound automobiles, the kites are available in many styles and models--ranging from the Rogallo wing to box kites to more sophisticated mono-wing and biplane designs. But, regardless of what model is used, the rudiments of hang gliding are applicable to all such kites.

Other than the bit-more-than-normal amount of derring-do required to make that first leap, hang gliding devotees insist the art of learning to fly these motorless kites is effortless...just as easy as falling off a cliff, they claim. But at the same time they are extolling the ease with which one can quickly learn to pilot a hang glider, they as quickly quote that old saw: "A novice should never fly higher than he (or she) wants to fall." Then if the would-be pilot survives that little gem--isn't too shaken up as it were--he is most certainly ready to learn the basics of piloting this legally defined "one-person motorless glider which is self-launched from the earth's surface and which weighs 100 pounds or less."

Using either a parachute or a swing seat harness attached to the kite, and donning the required crash helmet for safety measures, our beginner starts first from a gentle slope and as he takes that initial leap into space he is firmly recalling his instructor's admonitions; namely, the only way to steer the craft is to shift his body from side to side; and the only way he can control speed and drop is by manually raising or lowering the glider's nose...hopefully slowing down in time to make a soft landing at the foot of the slope; and it is well to bear in mind that soft landings for the tyro do not come all that easily!

Now, having made his first leap our fledgling pilot is so thoroughly hooked on this sheerly beautiful thrill of hang gliding, that scuffed boots, torn jeans and a few mild bumps and bruises become merely minor annoyances...soon forgotten as quickly he learns he can handle his kite through proper body balance in such a way that the wing position, which controls his speed, direction and drop, responds correctly to the up-drafts and down-drafts of the air currents.

Then the REAL fun begins! And soon he is lengthening his soaring time...jumping from higher slopes and riding the up-drafts on the windward side. And before you can say "hang glider", he is really into it...sailing off the cliffs at Cape Kiwanda; making professional soft-landings on the beach. Or perhaps leaping from the high hills that line the Columbia Gorge and soaring to a graceful landing in a green meadow below.

So there it is...hang gliding! And if you are searching for a form of real, personal freedom, you will find hang gliding is a sport made to order just for you. As da Vinci so aptly described it: "Once you have tasted flight you will walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward; for there you have been, and there you long to return."

SWAMP WALK

" I see men like frogs; their
peeping I partially understand"
--- Thoreau

I'm trying to understand the frogs---
slogging through an Oregon swamp.
Nothing tells them it's unnecessary to fear
this intruder on the creek,
or me, marks toward blackness
like boot prints in the mud.

Basho's frog
is submerging into transparency
under a mantle of moss
to a watery core of muteness.
I'll leave my words behind
like clothes piled on a creek bank.

For one second
put me inside the bubble
that rises like a frog's eye
in his wet wake.
Then stick me back in the mud
or wherever my place to blossom,

like skunk cabbage,
flower of this marsh.

William Chamberlain



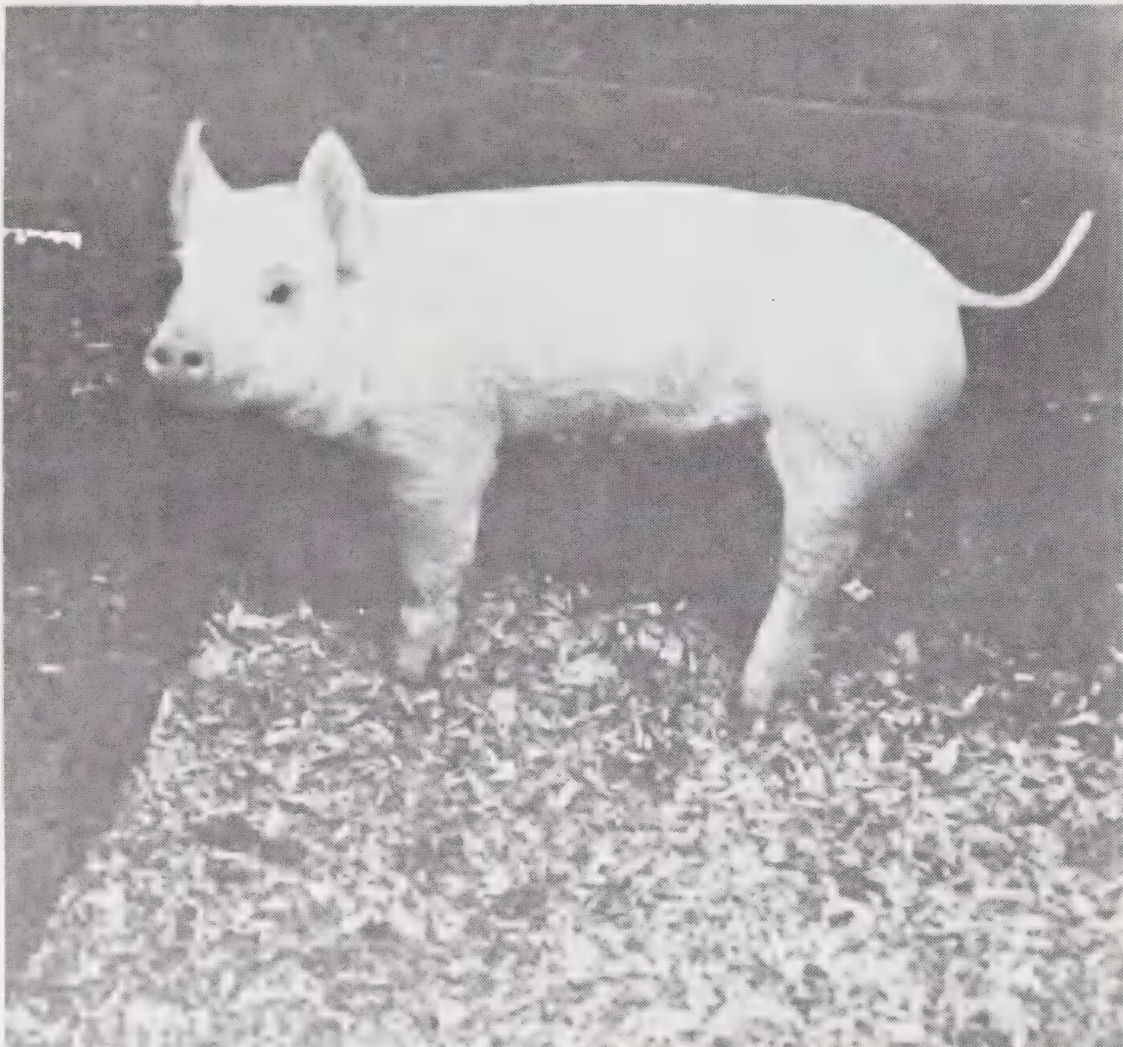
CHUCK MEYER

PORKY PIG GOT NOTHIN' ON ME

*One day while strolling in New York
I got knocked down by a flying pork.
My bones were broke, my head was achin';
Knocked for a loop by a side of bacon!*

*Oh, I hate pork! I hate pork!
I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot fork!
Don't give me no crap about the birds and the bees,
Or table-climbing rats with bellies full of cheese,
Or constipated turkeys with hoof-and-mouth disease.
Porky Pig got nothin' on me!*

J. F. Crowley



LESLIE KURTZ

Between the worm on the street and the curb, runs a four inch stream of drain water. The flow is modulated by swift rapids and eddies behind pieces of gravel. Seeming to know that safety and food lie beyond this obstacle, the worm stretches his neck and probes the stream. Although aware of the danger involved, he knows he must cross.

He moves his form into the water, elongating and clinging to the gritty pavement. From my viewpoint, I can observe the hopelessness of his situation.

I crouch with the intention of lifting him over the rapids, but as my finger touches him, he instinctively tenses and loses his hold on the street. The curling, writhing, helpless worm is washed down the stream, now stopping caught on the gravel momentarily. Like a man catching a limb on a fall down a cliff, now caught in the current again. I watch with almost sadistic delight, vicariously enjoying an experience new to me. Finally, I step to the third place where he has stalled and pluck him from his disaster.

I spot a place beyond the curb where the soil is loamy and loose and set him down. As he settles into his new home, I rinse the worm slime from my hand in the drain water stream.

Peter Huhtala



LIGHTNING

soundless,
erratic,
like a
darting
lizard,
lightning flickered against the sky
and
ripped
open
the night
with a
crash
of triumph.

13

Deb Zimmerman

BLUE HERON ROOKERY

Flight is a matter of that extended neck and those legs that appear to open and close like a coordinated pair of stilts. Always before you see them, that long awesome croaking cry, that shatters the still of lake or river. Standing in water they can be solidified; when striding they possess a slow uncanny step; then all tarnation! The blurring movement or head snapping upward and impaled on the rapier beak a minnow, frog, crayfish. This gangly bird can move that fast?

I was wary, nearby were many sitting herons, waving on the top-most of spruce, cottonwoods. These were the fathers, mothers of this colony, of this rookery carved gently into the many cottonwood cross-boughs of this Columbia River Marsh Island. Eyes in my direction, watching, wondering. I was near the nest, about ten feet now. It looked about two by three feet and like it was ten inches or so deep. Made of sticks, mostly. Protection? Well, I clung tighter, a twenty-five foot drop wouldn't be much fun. I mean it was like this; cottonwood gum sticking, pulling; warm bark toasting, grasping; knots rasping my legs; I breathed cottonwood goodness. Slowly I edged forward. Finally I stretched, peered, perspired. It had been worth the climb. Felt the primitiveness of nature as within the nest five near naked bundles, smallness huddling. Pink showing beneath fine grey down feathers. Nested together like mother warmth. I was careful not to touch the nest or young in case the mother would abandon them. My curiosity was working as I made the rounds of the colony. Some nests held beautiful chicken sized robin egg blues; others housed young that tottered on the edge of the nest ready for flight. It was a wonder of avian life. One could well realize this plan.

Whenever nesting time is over the colony splits. Then each bird has a private fishing grounds; won't tolerate a drifter on its homestead. Yet; when the colony is nesting, five or six birds will fish together; for the survival of the young and the colony outweighs private considerations. I made a wonder day within this Marsh Island rookery, played the rules of the blue herons and was rewarded by fascinating sights. Blow on May winds by Columbia River shores.

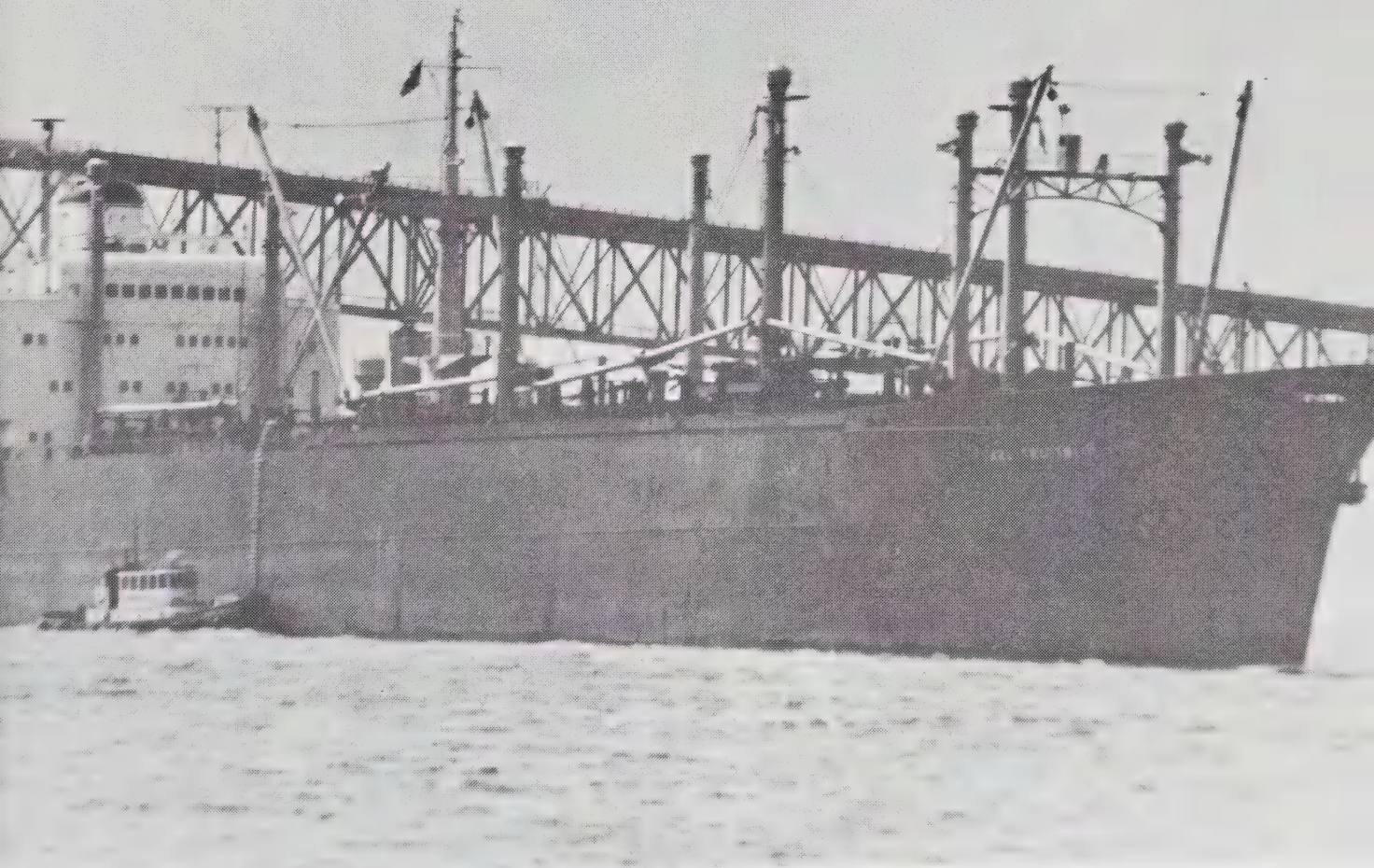
Emil Perkins



Freighter anchored in river
Moving with tide
On a short leash.

Ann Myers

RALPH WIRFS



INTO GREEN

Coming, stalking, passing through the dark green
the haven of tall grasses
He walked like a finger through summer's hair
and chanced upon a silver stream
(a diadem set in verdant grass valley)
that flowed down off the Emerald Hills

At the bank he cast wide his net to be caught by the wind
and sent it soaring over the river

As the net yielded its magic trawl,
a golden trout appeared, and began to assume the features
of a beautiful woman, laughing in the sun

The fisherman lay aside his net as his eyes beheld the transformation
(a reflection of changes set in the vision of crystal olives)
of bold images
of foaming, luminous fountains
sprouting green

Until the woman
(a maidenhead set into the song of a willow wind)
called to him

and he heard with ears that were new
and crossed the threshold
of a dream...
and was beckoned again...again...again...but...

The woman had gone away
over the silver stream
entering the dark green
that verged upon the Emerald Hills
that led to the sky

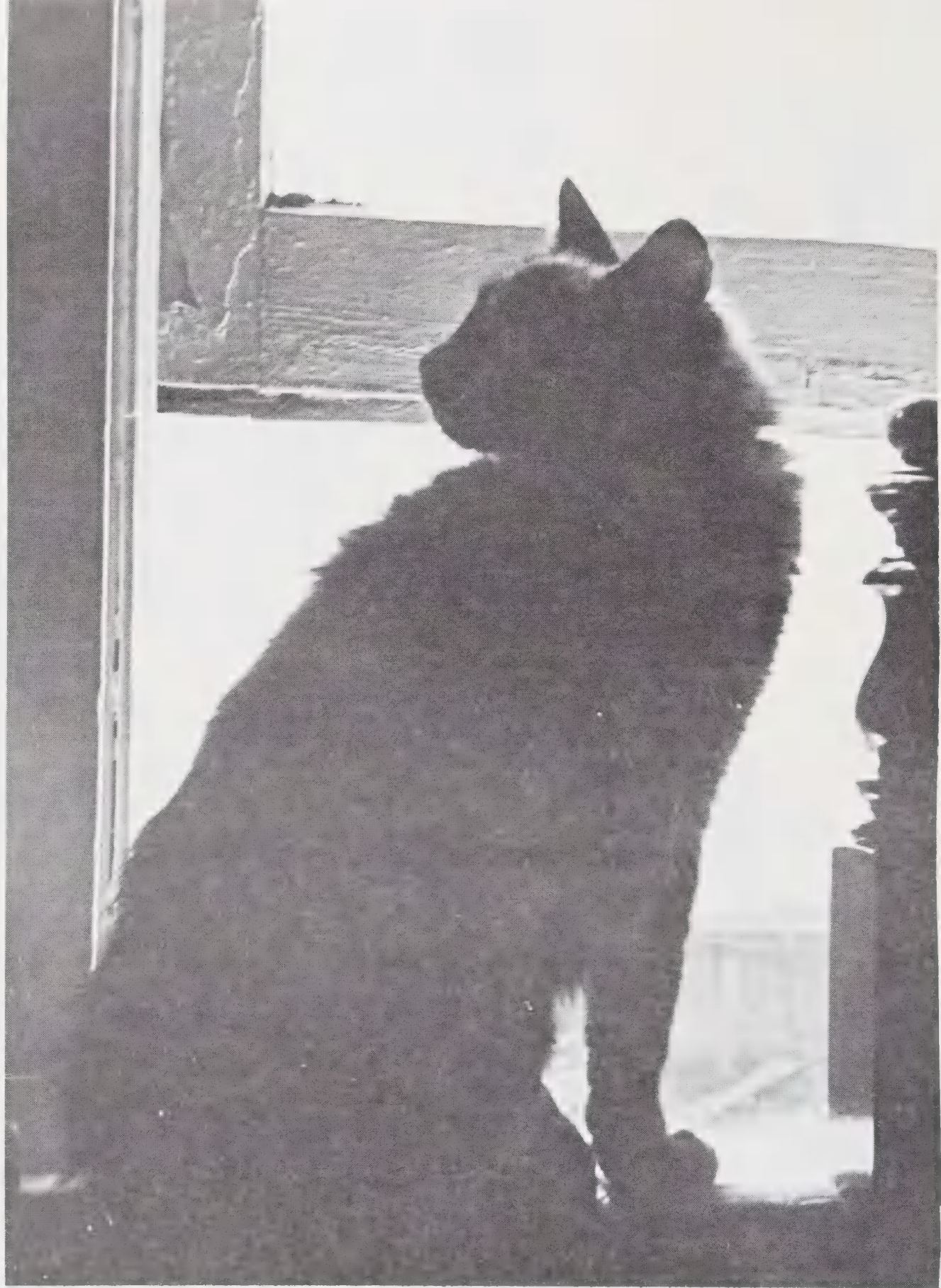
He followed far the trail she left
until he came upon the place he knew
she did abide

An orchard of golden apples hung from the arms of slender trees
in the day
under the sun

An orchard of silver apples hung from the same arms
in the night
under the moon

Here he waited for her to return
to the orchard in the dark green
until the summer's end





CAT AND SHADOW

*You can feel the tenseness in him,
the bunching muscles, quivering haunches,
flicking tail.
All the hair-trigger, coldly sharp senses
trained on the madly dancing shadow
flashing, weaving, up and down
on the wall
The room is hushed, so quiet, you
can hear the gentle tapping his tail makes
on the carpet.
like a flash of black lightning, he leaps,
lands squarely on the gyrating shape
Only to claw emptiness, and fall,
back again.*

Scott Harper

NORTHERN LAKES I

I.

*A dip of my paddle and the kayak skims over the
gently undulating water,
Once in the water, the kayak ceases to be the object of
my curses*

II.

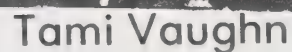
*Trekking half a mile balancing it on my back,
tripping and slipping over the greasy mud and wet
leaves and the roots snaking over the path.
There,
the tree cover breaks, and the portage appears,
I stop and let my eyes adjust.*

III.

*The sun is bright and the reflection off the
lake illuminates the border of forest and makes the
split-rock island in the middle a sharp, defined contrast
of trees and granite against the sky.
An easy flip and the kayak rests on the water.*

I step in.

Scott Harper





K. Faulkner
75

Kathy Bilsborrow



B. Rowland



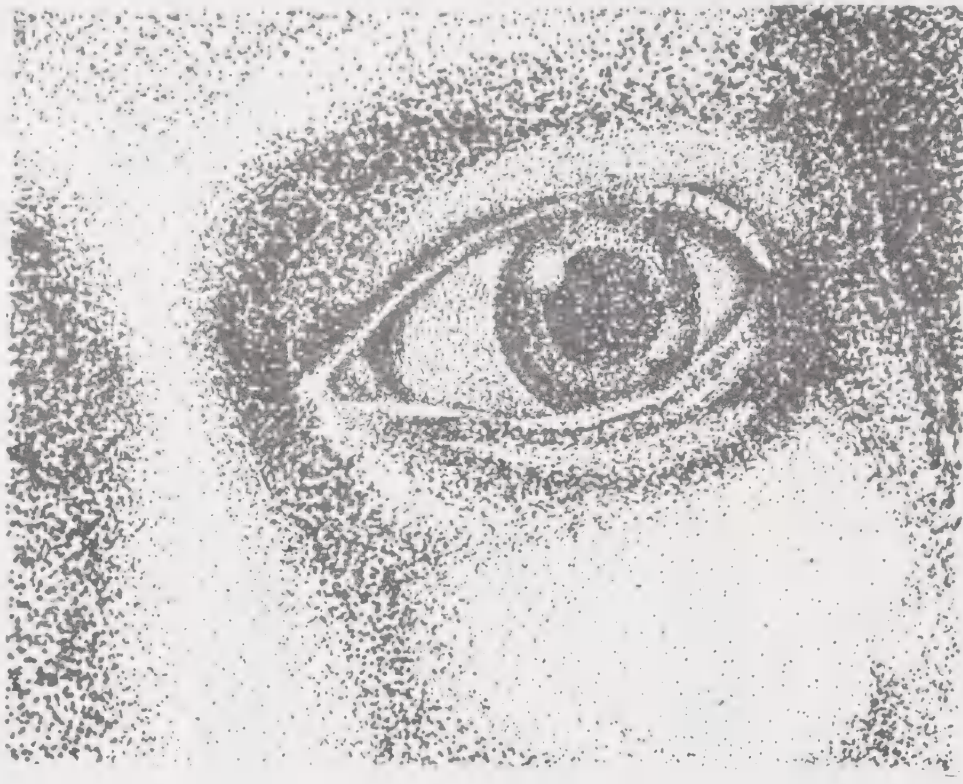
Gail Stutzman





—TAMI
SCHOLFIELD—

Lee Jackson



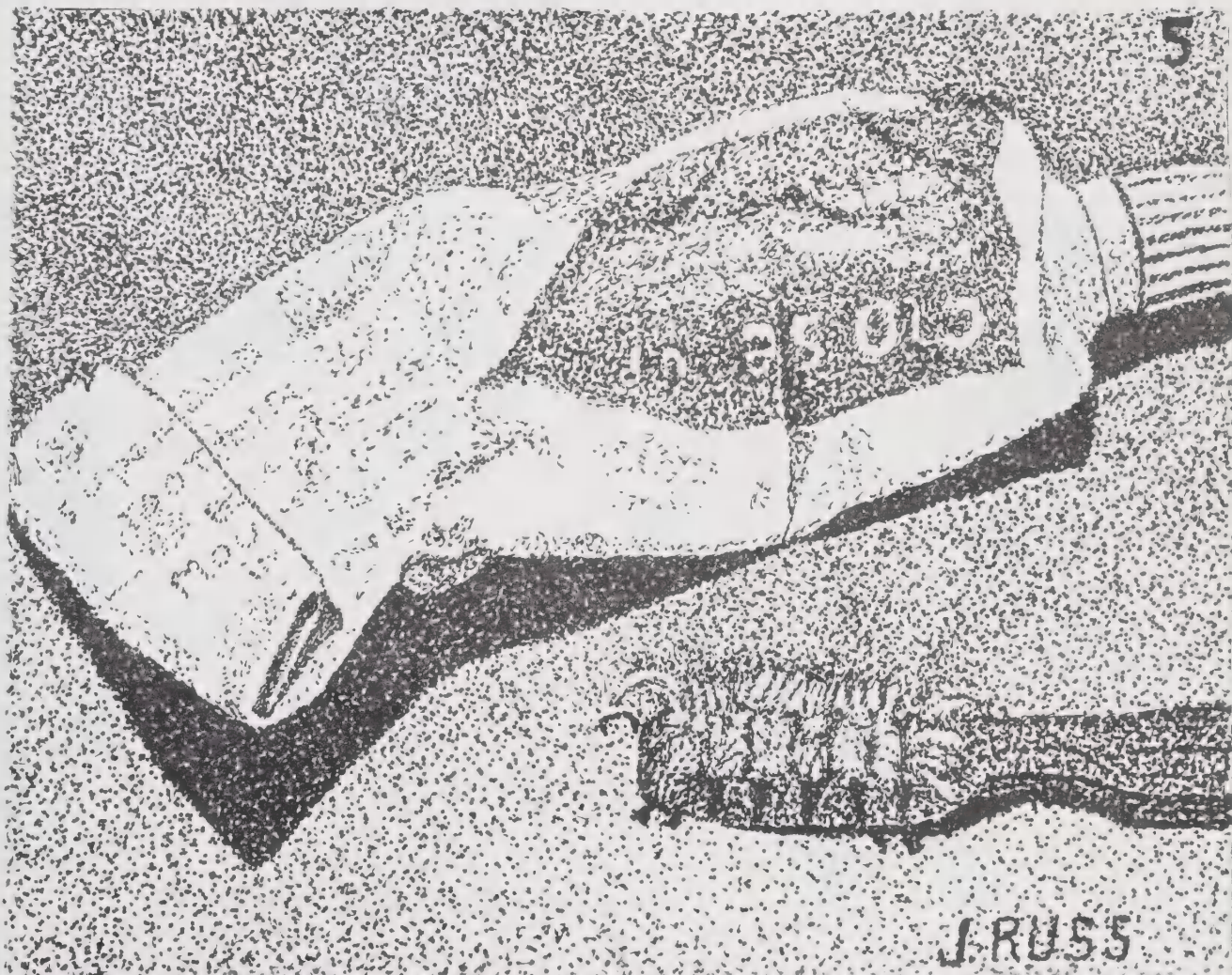
Gail Stutzman



Bettie Frame



Bettie Frame #5







Martha Johnson

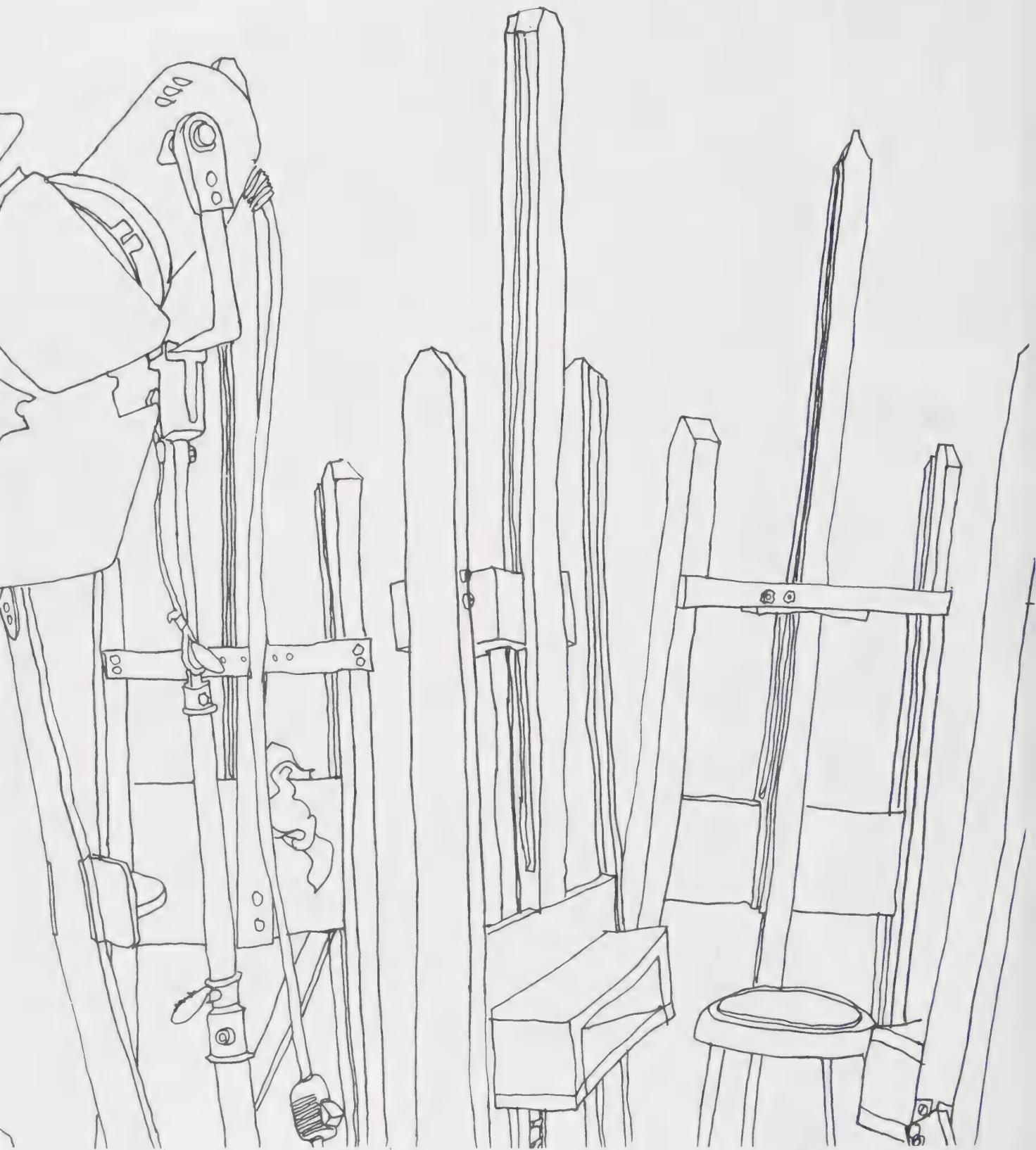


CHUCK MEYER



B. Rowland

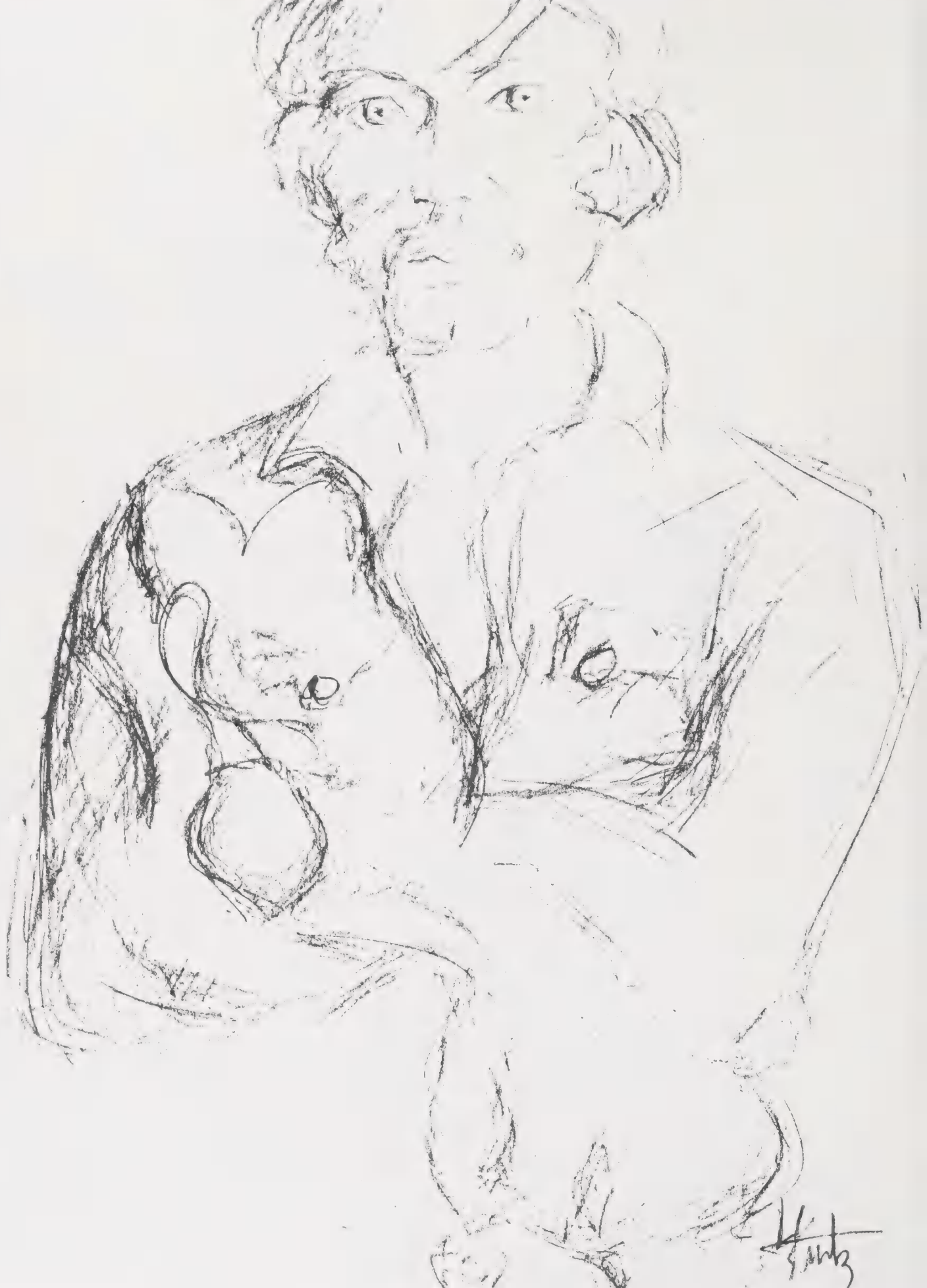
1951



Steve Lowe



Gail Stutzman



Huntz



Leslie Kurtz

SOUTH JETTY

A long tumbled mountain of hewn
 Basalt blocks, the jetty
 Sweeps before me, divides
 Blue-green waters. North,
 Muddied green-brown by shallow surf,
 Columbia waters rake weed-slicked blocks.

Ralph M. Wirfs

South,
 Pacific blue,
 Crisped by frothwhite breakers,
 Stretches to the sky's
 Reflected blue, a windwashed, echoing
 Blue, the blue of old Norwegian eyes.

2

I precisely position five pyramided ounces
 Of lead behind me --
 Make sure the swivel hangs inches below the
 Tip-top guide and my forefinger
 Tensions the line above the reel --
 And cock my ten-foot surf rod
 Seaward, cast lead, hooks, clams

Into the breaking swell whose wash and ebb
 Murmur and hiss over the jettyrocks below.

3

A crevice holds my rodbutt; my
 Rodtip echoes waveswells, listens for
 Perch, flounder, greenling.

Easing shoulders, hips into basalt
 Hollows, I lie rockbound,
 Drifting in April sunglow. My red watchcap,
 Pulled across forehead to nose,
 Edges the sky with rose.

4

Clouds, potato-white, formless,
 Plod south-southwest,
 Their paunchy billows as random as
 Waveswells.

My daughter might have torn them from thick
 White paper, to paste in the sky of a
 Nursery landscape. Ragged, lobed,
 Uncanny in their refusal of geometry; within
 Large shapes, smaller:
 White noses, chins, breasts;
 Blue bays, blowholes, lakes.

Straight
 Across a blue cloudbay,
 tracking a navigator's ruler-line
 South for San Francisco, a DC-8
 Snails its spoor upon the sky,
 Five miles up,
 With a con-trail written at 600 miles an hour.

Four cormorants -- mindful, perhaps, of
 Schoolbook tales about ancestors forced by
 Brass throatrings to puke small fish for wily
 Japanese -- fly west, fishstuffed guts weighing
 Wide black wings, crooked necks outstretched.

From southern winter feed, a V of Canada
 Geese -- necks straight, wings deliberate --
 Convoy the eggs and sperm of next
 Fall's flock toward Yukon marsh-nests.

Out from beneath sunsoaked rosewool,
 I drift to join them.

Sun merely brightens. Wind cools.

Brown then green, beach tracks right wingtip.
 River reaches through, broad greenblue. Dotted by
 Boats, banked by mansquares. Smokes.

Tonight, we walk a lake meadow. Eat lake weeds,
 Young grasses. Sleep.
 Tomorrow we reach again toward new lives.
 Nests, young. Growing. Toward

Next fall.



November.
One blade of living grass
Oversees the dying pasture.

Lazy afternoon nap.....
Lazy hand
Lands in thistle!



Cool beach.
Body and soul warmed by cup of tea
With sugar and sand.

Ann Myers



VISITING THE LAUNDROMAT

Peter Christie

At midnight we were standing on a street corner waiting for a bus, full of the restlessness and energy of late adolescence. That raging internal storm blows you anywhere, into a multitude of madcap situations which can perhaps most easily be categorized as thrill-seeking. I suspect that everyone has at some time experienced the state which I am trying to describe, although some may have nearly forgotten; you know what you want is out there somewhere, and the excitement is in the fervor of the hunt. It is only after you have begun to realize that what you are hunting for is the excitement itself, that the excitement of looking for it loses its frenzy. We were not yet that evolved. We held the highest expectations for every new avenue we explored, and every time we were frustrated it was because we had been in the wrong place, or had used the wrong line. Then we were wild with regret as we thought back over what we could have said, or how we might have played our cards.

That is how we stood waiting for a bus. The evening was quickly becoming history and once more it seemed to have all been spent in transition, always tantalizing but never quite delivering. A dance, a coffee shop, a party, a scene.....

"Hey man, what's happening?"

"Getting loose man, how you been doing?"

"Oh yeah, what next? Oh hey, there's Chico. I've been looking for him. Well, I'll catch you later man."

And so it went and here we were with this unsettling discontent. David was trying to rationalize our position as being directly related to our lack of transportation. It was a popular topic with him as he had been negotiating with his parents for several months about his right to own a vehicle.

"I really don't see why they won't let me use their car when they're not going to be using it. I know we could have picked up on those chicks in the donut shop--they were looking for a party, but what can you do without a car?"

David is easily the most impulsive and emotional of our trio. He also has the most charm with parents, girls, and the like, and his charged personality is dangerously contagious. He could probably pass for a television hero, what with his dimples and all; they showed as he added a smiling epilogue to his statement:

"Just because I had to swerve into a telephone pole to miss a Greyhound bus once, because of a simple oversight I made shifting into first gear at fifty-five M.P.H., they automatically assume I'm inherently irresponsible with automobiles."

These are true stories. David has twice inflicted massive damage on his parents' VW microbus, once in the form of extensive body work, and again with a mangled transmission. These are the latest, and perhaps the most vehement topics of battle

in David's war with his parents, a war which has continued nearly uninterrupted since he tried to convert the lawnmower into a go-cart when he was eight.

He sighs, standing with his back pressed to a lamppost, his legs locked stiffly, extending down in front of him, his hands stuffed in his jacket pockets.

"If we had a car we wouldn't have to worry about how late these funky buses run. We could go to that party that Chico told us about. The only thing I hate more than waiting for a bus is riding on one."

Little Joe has been ignoring David's monologue. He is concentrating on his rudiments, oblivious to his surroundings. Little Joe is a drummer, see; he has been taking lessons for about a year now, and has developed the habit of practicing rhythm exercises by either snapping his fingers or slapping his thighs while tapping his feet. When he is in a public place this is likely to draw curious glances. ("Oh, look at that poor fellow, he must have some problem with his nerves.")

The laundromat was brightly lit and smelled of soap. We moved into it because it was warm. Little Joe stood in front of the Coke machine snapping his fingers and bobbing his head. I picked up a copy of a religious magazine and glanced vacantly at the titles: "What Will Heaven Really be Like?," "What Does the Bible Say About Rock Music?," "When Did Jesus Promise to Return?" As usual it is David who finds some kind of real excitement for diversion: He is playing the change machine. As I walked over to observe he explained that he had found a system.

"I start with a quarter."

Clink-chuck.

"You get back twenty cents." He removes two dimes from the coin return.

"Now a dime will buy fifteen cents." He deposits the dime.

Clink-chuck. He pauses for a moment to let the suspense build, then with a quick swipe slides three nickles out of the slot.

"Eureka! Here's where we make a profit if she'll come up cherries. Come on baby," he pleads, "the kids need new shoes." He deposits a single nickle. Clink-chuck. It goes through and he removes a dime, a forty-five cent return on a forty cent investment.

"Pretty sharp," I tell him. I have to admire the guy, just walking into a laundromat and beating the change machine. With talent like that I'd say he has a promising future.

"Now I could do this till I empty the machine of dimes," he muses, but in the interest of fair play, I'll just get my bus fare home."

The change machine treats us all to Cokes, and we stand in silence for a bit with our drinks. Our triangular communion is broken when David walks over to a dryer, opens the door and sticks his head in the large cylinder. "Damn," he exclaims, "I wonder how long you could ride in one of these before you got sick?"

"Not very long," I answer, "I think maybe five or ten minutes, but who would want to ride in a dryer?"

"Oh, you know, someone who's practicing to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel", he pulls his head away from the dryer and stands with

both hands on his hips facing us, "someone like me. I bet Little Joe would do it first though, don't think?" he asks me. This is clearly a challenge for Little Joe.

"I'm not sure," I say, looking at Little Joe, "probably he's too much of a woman."

"WOMAN!" Little Joe shouts, "You guys haven't got the guts to do anything yourselves."

Little Joe wastes no time. He quickly strides over to the dryer and sticks in his head and torso, then he carefully lifts his right leg and places it on the rim of the opening so he is kneeling crouched inside with only his left leg sticking out. He pauses for a moment and then shifts his balance on to his left leg so he is crouched in a one-legged sitting position.

Finally he pulls in his left leg and braces it across the cylinder from his head, his knee almost touching his face.

Now completely inside, he pulls his right leg out from beneath his rear in a series of grunts and lunging motions, and places it across the cylinder next to his other foot. He is now sitting like an astronaut in a very small capsule; the cylinder slowly revolves backwards and gently stops, leaving him almost upside down. He looks out at us without smiling as some matches fall from his pocket.

David is delighted with him and reaches for the dryer door; he pauses before closing it. "We'll see you in about twenty minutes." The door slams shut, clink; a dime goes in and the machine begins to hum. The cylinder moves very slowly, and then the screeching sound of slipping belts drowns out the humming. For a moment, I wonder if the cylinder is going to make its first

revolution, or if it might just sit and squeal and smoke. But then Little Joe goes over the top and his weight is going downhill, then up and over again, yes, it's definitely picking up speed. David waves goodbye through the window and pretends we are leaving. Little Joe is becoming a blur. I am reminded of an episode of The Man From U.N.C.L.E., in which Illya Kyriakos was nearly tumbled to death inside a large revolving cage.

When I finally jerk the door open a minute later, the dryer quickly rolls to a stop with Little Joe upside down in astronaut position. He sticks his legs out and twists his trunk through the door after them, stands for a moment holding on to the machine.

All of us are smiling, feeling much better about our evening now that we have done something really worthwhile.



CHUCK MEYER



LESLIE FURTZ

Filing carries the stone nearer to completion.



LESLIE KURTZ

The final step involves sanding the stone until it is uniformly smooth.

STONE SCULPTURE

Leslie Kurtz



LESLIE KURTZ

*Sculpture students shape rough stones
with a chisel.*



A rasp wears away the irregular areas.

LESLIE KURTZ

HARVEST

John Newhall

Dawn and its new light were still an hour away, but he found the strength to sit up, gather his senses, and in a few minutes, rise from the bed. His head was heavey, but still he moved about the shack with precision. The pain and the sleepiness would soon disappear, as they always had, so he did not waste time thinking of them. His thoughts were already on the time and the beach--two and a half hours until low tide. On the porch he listened for the ocean and watched the trees across the road. The trees were motionless and the sea spoke softly to him. He was pleased. There would be clams.

He moved quickly in anticipation, collecting gear and searching for his cigarettes. He found the half-empty bottle of wine, still on the floor where he had given it up the night before, and with tools and provisions gathered, there was new strength within him. Up the hill toward the beach, the old pickup raced first light and the tide. The old man drove with one hand on the wheel and the other bracing the gallon jug against chuck holes and soft sand. His head was plugged with memories of hundred-pound digs and jumbo razor clams.

In the darkness, he watched the headlights cut a path down the gray expanse of wet sand, squinting through the blackness beyond the ebbing surfline in search of new sandbars. He knew the beach better than most--it was his close friend--but the continual workings of wind and surf changed its shape and contour and feel almost daily. He hurried northward toward one of his favorite bars. Far behind, headlights were beginning to appear on the beach. By the north jetty, he turned his truck toward the sea and rolled down to within a few hundred feet of the water. It was still too dark to dig, but he enjoyed these chances to sit and remember. He fondled his bottle of wine, sipping and savoring it, waiting for its warmth to loosen him, waiting for daylight and the chance to dig. Presently he kissed the bottle one last time and climbed out of the truck. The hip boots were tugged up, the clam sack hung around his waist, and the shovel wielded. He was ready now. The clam beds awaited his assault.

Out into the surf he strode, toward the flat stretch of sand just beginning to show dry. The surge! pushed and tugged at him, the coolness aroused him. He leaned against the rush of whitewater and waded easily up onto the bar while the ebb sucked at his legs. For a moment, at least, this bar was his. From his tiny island he watched the others beginning to arrive. He smiled to himself and began ~~P~~ounding the sand around his feet with the shovel. A small hole boiled beside him and he was down on one knee. One bite with the shovel and then his hand chased the clam down through soft sand. The first was always the hardest. In one smooth motion he threw the mollusk back between his legs into the sack dragging behind and continued his hunt. The digging was spotty, and he knew all too well that when the clams didn't show, even seasoned eyes, and fast hands

were of no use. But many years and many tides also told him that the shellfish could start showing at any time. There was time, and he was not discouraged.

He glanced around at the small group of diggers that had joined him on the sandbar. There was much pounding and very little digging. On shore, the crowd was much larger, but he saw few getting clams. It is time, he thought, and turned and made his way out into the surf. Knee-deep, straining to see the sand under foam and water, he searched and beat upon the sea floor. Hands, stiff from the cold water, groped in deep slushy holes and pulled out the delicate shellfish. Legs braced the body against breakers and feet were planted firmly on the bottom so as not to stir up the sand. There was more waiting now, for the water to clear between waves, but he understood and enjoyed digging in the surf. This was his place. It was familiar and often fruitful. Nevertheless, he watched the surf carefully, for he was almost waist-deep, and when the tide turned and began to flood, he would begin his retreat toward shore. Clams were beginning to show, but he was working harder than usual to find them. He beat his hands against his sides to warm them and straightened up to ease the backache. He was tiring and his thoughts returned to the wine and the warmth of the truck. He checked his watch--still fifteen or twenty minutes to low-water. He would dig for at least another half hour.

The bar was nearly deserted again, as was the beach, and his eyes followed the long procession of cars and trucks as they moved slowly down the beach and one by one dissolved into a heavy mist far to the south. He picked up the sack behind him, guessing its weight at ten or twelve pounds, then turned quickly back to his work. The dense mist came upon him, but the wetness did not matter anymore. He persevered.

When the clams stopped showing in the deeper water, he worked the shallows. He tried the dry sand again with an awareness that his time grew short. He alone remained. It was his beach now--his harvest. Hands and feet were too numb to be cold. The pain in his back was gone, the legs still held their load. He dug until the bar was awash and the sea had told him in its firm way that there was no more time. Only then did he make his dignified retreat.

Between sips of wine, he stared down at his efforts laying on the sand at his feet. There were no more than fifteen or sixteen pounds, he was certain, but nothing to be ashamed of. He was very tired and dumped clams and gear in the back of the truck with some effort. The wet and the cold were no stranger to him, but he found it hard to accept the exhaustion. This carcass must be getting old, he thought, though he did not really believe it.

The mist had changed to light rain and it chased him into the truck. The old man rolled down the window, and leaned out to thank his old friend for its gift. Off shore, whitecaps were beginning to form and the sea was turning sloppy. Few things were as dependable as the northwest wind, but tomorrow brought another clam tide and there would be a different sandbar and another chance. For now, there was the fish market and a few dollars for his clams. He would find a few friends in the tavern and share his not-so-bad fortune with them. Later, there would be another bottle of wine and perhaps even a pot of chowder. It was enough.

BLACK BANDITS BEGONE

My bug's lights turned the hairpin curve, away from the brick red daytime fisherman's warehouse; now everything was inked along Davis Bottom Road. Trees loomed, solid, until brightened by my bug's eyes. Now? Flashing orbs near the road, many of them. Easing forward, until? About eight bandits in this family. Coming from the creek, through skunk cabbage patches to this timbered roadway. Probably headed into the neighbor's apples, about 200 feet upwind. They looked bewildered, milled in my car lights; didn't know which direction to scramble, diamond eyes sparkled. Meanwhile mother was chiding, setting the rules. She would push, nip, until one streaked for the apple patch; then she would try the procedure with another.

Why not? Bandits make good young pets. They are tidy, always willing to climb onto a shoulder or grab fingers within soft, padded hands. I opened the door, made a safari. Fifteen yards from them I stopped. Mother was on her hind feet, standing high; gnashing and grinding; growling and glaring.

In the confines of my car I sighed relief. No sir! I didn't want to tangle with that bandit. Why? Recollection--my brother had chased a swimming coon, up a stagnant slough. Figured a pet was forthcoming. Caught up to it in the rowboat. Well, the coon was more than willing to climb aboard. Tried to hold it off with the oar. That old, ornery, bugger was chomping splinters, left and right. Lucky that old tin tub was aboard; otherwise brother would have been the one doing the swimming. With that tin hat over him the coon was still doing his best, beating his own way along. I again counted my fingers; yes still had ten, good. I watched the coon and her black bandits move away into the edge of nowhere.

These bandits are part of the darkness and inhabit western Oregon. Often when you run across them they will run a 100 yard dash or will lollygag to provide some worthwhile entertainment. At campsites these bandits will steal you blind. Yet even at that, their tails look better on them than on top of a human's head.

Emil Perkins



CIRCLES WE MADE

Emil Perkins

One could tell; still air, cool; it was going to be a Woodson Island scorcher. A taste of cottonwood, rustic chunks of beach junk; tangle, lapped by Columbia River tides. Just a wisp of fog, underfoot, sand. This was a bit of ecology this sand diked island.

Here close by, was a smattering of wild jumbled evergreen Himalayan mounds. The berries: blue, juicy, big as your thumbnail. The ones they squeeze for juice, mash for jam; pick them and you get about a buck forty a crate. Around these miniature thorn islands the growth of willow, cottonwood, and bulrush grasses greeted the wanderer.

Early morning as I packed my salmon pole, was heading for the big cottonwood perched on the edge of the Columbia. I could taste that salmon. With this new dawning the chill rose from the Oregon river, causing tremors up and down; they played a tune on my spinal cord. Taste the air? Man it was invigorating!

Whoa! Directly ahead, in the sandy soil, a four footed animal was also awake. Phew! Yes, happened it was a skunk, a big one; waited for it to notice me; no luck, it had a better idea; great. It was acting in a very drunken manner, yet skunks don't imbibe. Around in a wide circle, its nose to the ground; this critter just couldn't seem to toe that straight line. Ah, I see! It had stumbled upon a rotten stick, now turned it over and began to eat whatever was beneath it. Finished, the game began again, around and around. This looked like fun. I fell in step behind, careful to stay away from that friskytail and that delicate scent. Well; after ten more minutes the skunk had circled inward to the center of his original circle, an inward spiral. It raised its head, saw me; showed teeth, this decided my action. From a distance I watched it move ahead and start the same circle procedure. So it must be foraging as I was, onward, the salmon were waiting.

CHINOOK INDIANS

They would not have aimed their spears at Captain Robert Gray, or suggested go-to-Hell when he claimed "discovery" of their river.

They were not, according to the evidence, that kind of Indian, (In the Chinook language there were no oaths. Ironically, considering their destiny, there also were no words to express gratitude. No "thanks.")

So on that day in May, 1792, the naked braves stood calmly along the Columbia and gazed upon the buttoned-up elegance of the Boston captain and his men. No prescience warned them of the atrocious changes, which--set into motion on that day--would bring about the destruction of their culture, the decimation of a Nation nearly equalling the population of present-day Astoria.

Who among them was to worry about preserving a culture? In the next nineteen years, increasing numbers of American fur traders came into their area annually. Business boomed. They and the foreigners had even begun to speak the same language, at least on the surface of their relationship. A language that grew from the necessity of trade, this patois of French-English-Indian developed here in the lower Columbia and came to be known as the jargon of the Chinooks.

Thus, when the first American trading company appeared in 1811 upon the Chinook horizon, the savages once more showed humanity (albeit an even more worldly attitude in trade) not hostility.

"To the timely and humane care of the Chinooks we owed the fact that they (two voyagers on the Tonguin) got back safe to the ship," wrote Gabriel Franchere, clerk (and later biographer) of Astor's Pacific Fur Company. "The gentlemen had left Chinook Point in spite of the remonstrances of the chief, Comcomly, who sought to detain them by warning of the danger to crossing the bay in such a great wind. They had scarce-



The Hat, atop the chests, is woven from spruce roots. The chests were called Hudson Bay trading chests and traders carried trade goods in them as well as trading the chests themselves to the Chinooks. Items compliments Mrs. Betsy Trick, Ilwaco, Washington.

ly made more than half a mile before a wave broke over their boat and capsized it. The Indians, aware of the danger, had followed, and but for them, Mr. McDougall, who could not swim, would surely have drowned. After the Chinooks had kindled a large fire and dried their clothes, they led them back to their village.

"Chief Comcomly received them with all possible hospitality, regaling them with the best he could offer.....We liberally rewarded these generous children of nature, and they returned home well satisfied."

A similarly friendly welcome from "the one-eyed Indian chief Comcomly, much attached to the whites," is described by Ross Cox, who arrived on Astor's second ship the Beaver.

Granting this hospitable spirit recorded by most of the white explorers and traders, what were the Chinooks really like?

Can we in any way today connect with a people who almost two hundred years ago fished our streams, hunted our fields, built lodges, bickered and made up with neighbors, mated, procreated, got sick and worried, and prayed, died, and were buried here?

"The good qualities of these Indians are few," said Cox, "and their vices are many. Thieving, lying, incontinence, gambling, and cruelty. They are also perfect hypocrites."

Franchère retorts, "In spite of the vices with which one can reproach the Columbia River people, I believe them closer to a civilized state than any of the tribes living east of the Rocky Mountains. The chiefs in particular distinguish themselves by their good judgement and their intelligence. Generally speaking, they have quick minds and tenacious memories. I had occasion to note this last quality, especially in Comcomly."

A less emotional evaluation

comes from The Columbia Encyclopedia: "With the Clatsops, they comprised the Lower Chinook branch of the linguistic stock, now extinct. The village was the main social unity; a wealthy chief might control several. They practiced head flattening and slavery was common. They ate mostly fish, roots and berries. Did not have totemic art of the secret societies of their neighbors. In the late 18th century, they were well-known to traders of the Pacific Coast."

The Chinook tribes controlled the trading of the interior tribes with the coastal nations. This was largely due to their position on the Columbia. They lived on the Washington side of the Columbia River mouth and at that vantage point plus their size, about 20,000 strong, made them one of the richest nations on the entire West Coast.

Northern trade routes carried their large canoes to Alaskan waters. The main trading area, though, centered around the Straits of Juan de Fuca with the Nootka Indian Nation. The coastal Indians flattened their skulls partly for beauty and partly to distinguish them from their slaves whose skulls remained round.

The Chinooks brought slaves, captured by tribes of the Upper Columbia, and exchanged them for necklaces of tusk shaped shells called dentalium or Higua in the Chinook jargon.

The Chinook jargon was invented by the Chinooks and Nootkas, expanded by other smaller nations, and completed by adding sounds representing objects, as a trade language between the Northwest tribes. French and English replaced or became incorporated in the jargon as the white man began to move into the region in search of furs.

The settlers who later came to the region also used the language for conversing and it remained in use till after the turn of the century.

The Chinooks traded with tribes as far south as Northern California. Dried clams and other dried seafoods provided barter for the southern tribes.

The dried foods of the coast later found their way to the falls near Oregon City. Dried eels, camas bulbs, arrow heads, and slaves were traded for the dried seafoods, dentatium, and baskets that the Chinook women wove. Oregon City falls completed the Willamette trade journey's boundary and Cascade Locks represented the Columbia River terminus.

The white man created new areas of barter and riches. Comcomly and his people bartered the best of all tribes. Lewis and Clark settled on the south side of the river, partly because game was more plentiful and partly because Comcomly and his people had started to seriously deplete Lewis and Clark's trade goods.

The white men brought great wealth to the Chinooks but they also brought their diseases. Venereal disease afflicted the natives and Lewis and Clark had to warn their men against cohabitation. Even so, a few of their party contracted the disease before they left.

Smallpox also destroyed many Indians. Captain Gray, in 1788, reported many of the Tillamook Indians were pock-marked. Comcomly reported to Lewis and Clark that many of his people died the year before, in 1804, from a great smallpox epidemic. Many diseases contracted by the Indians came from the white man's clothing. The Chinooks took a liking to the clothing and consequently succumbed to their ills.

The Chinooks also contributed to the spread of the disease because of their trading habits.

The final blow came between 1829-32. The ship "Owyhe" landed carrying Asiatic cholera. So great was the destruction, that by 1851, when a census was taken, the Chinook nation only had an estimated popu-

lation of 150 to 350 people. The cholera also destroyed Chief Comcomly in 1830 and their control of the trade on the Columbia in 1832.

In 1851, the Chinooks signed a treaty, along with the Clatsops and Tillamooks, with Anson Dart. Congress never ratified the treaty, and soon afterward settlers poured into the country.

White man moved the Chinooks from their tribal settlements. The flattened head became a signal of scorn rather than the signal of royalty and power. The once powerful tribe who ruled the mouth of the Columbia now became cogs in a white man's wheel.

Paul Ordway

Joan Dolph

BUILDING AROUND NATURE

We found the artist secluded in the lush rurality of Brownsmead, close by the Columbia River, east of Astoria, Oregon. There, a couple of miles off the highway, over the concrete bridge and past the old fishermen's warehouse, Emil Perkins lives and creates. The house is modest, comfortable, and full of cats and dogs. The man is quiet, reflective, and industrious. A one-time schoolteacher with no formal art education, Emil has painted "diligently" since 1960. His paintings and woodcut prints have been shown throughout Clatsop County, including the Astor Library, Clatsop Community College, and the White Bird Gallery. As we toured the house and his latest project--a new art gallery, we began to get an idea of the scope of the man. His reticence warmed to enthusiasm, and his energy became apparent.

More than 150 oils, pen and inks, and woodcut prints--the efforts of almost fifteen years--cover walls and fill corners and floor space throughout the house. The 42-year-old artist has recently completed a rustic showroom in one of the small rooms upstairs and has filled it with a number of his best works, as well as a small display of memorabilia. That one room can only be called a part of the Blue Heron/Four Hour Gallery, because an excursion through the entire house is really necessary to get a total sense of Emil's work. His home is his studio and a part of his life is here, on the walls and in every room.

His paintings and prints are distinctive, and though the purist might call his work abstract, Emil prefers to place it somewhere between semirealistic and futuristic.

"They are planned expressionism, created by revolving around an idea, sometimes for a very long period, then evolving with it." The results are complex and yet very primitive. Nature and ecology themes dominate his works, as well as his thoughts. He explains it as "buidling around nature...using colors and geometric forms to express an idea." Many of his ideas stem from the longstanding affection and concern he has for the wildlife and the environment of Oregon. His expressions are subtle, and yet very vivid pictures.

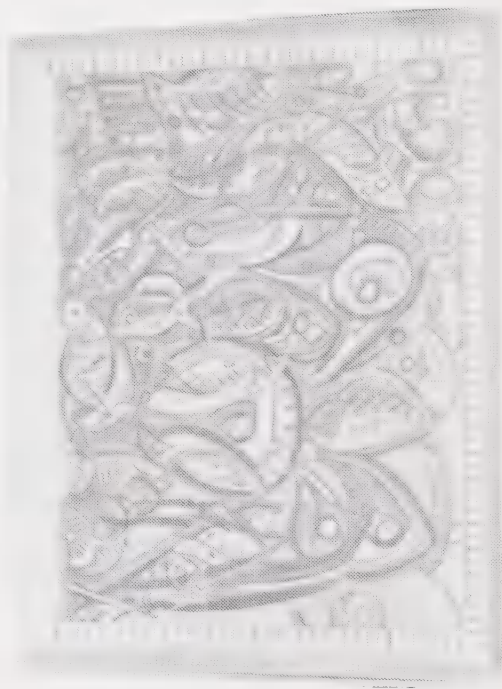
There are other facets to the man, far removed and not often reflected in his work or words. For the past fifteen years, Emil has worked the waterfront as a long-shoreman. "It's a matter of doing what I have to do, though I'd rather be creating." For Emil it's more than that. It's a chance to work with his hands and a rare opportunity to keep both his artistic freedom and financial stability. When he isn't working the ships at the port docks or painting his pictures, he finds time for workouts on the local tracks and still enjoys running competitively. His most recent races include the Senior Men's Biathlon (swim and run) and the Trail's End Marathon. Occasionally, he takes nature treks to Eastern Oregon and the beaches of the north coast.

He is a man of many contrasts. To talk with him is only to begin to understand the sources and direction of his energy. He likes to think about one day being well known as an artist and the time when he can devote his entire effort to his art. His mind unwinds with plans to venture into other media and "new roads

of influence." He is very interested in "expressions of the people and their livelihoods", and working with more ideas based on the northwest environment. He also admits to a fondness for writing science fiction stories and poetry.

For now, he finds inspiration in nature's order of things and he builds. There is much energy, and it is well directed. A quiet man with much to say has found a way to say it.

John Newhall



FOREST

The forest twilight filters through the rustling leaves.
Dew-soaked underbrush diffuses dominates all other smells
seemingly magnified proportionatly with the gathering gloom.
As the light dims,
the sounds and smells strive to fill the darkness.
The birds that sent their cries
echoing through the trees,
are quiet now.
Now only the small furtive sounds
of mice,
and occasionally a deer,
can be heard above the wind softly moaning
in the branches.

Scott Harper





CHUCK MEYER

ART AND PHOTO CREDITS

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COVER BACK-----	drawing by Tami Scholfield (Vaughn)

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